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## 'I TELL YOU I SAW IT MYSELF.'

WHEN any one uses this expression regarding some wonderful thing, adding or not adding, 'with my own eyes,' he is understood to mean that the thing, however incredible it may have previously appeared, is certain: he can admit no further dispute about it. It is strange how so many sensible persons should be prepared thus to assume that the sense of sight is incapable of being deceived, when we all know how the sight of two or three hundred persons will be deceived over and over again in a single evening by a common conjuror. There appears to be an almost universal ignorance of a principle which affects all so-called evidence of the senses—namely, that while we think we are in good faith reporting what we have witnessed or come to the knowledge of by these means, we are only perhaps stating a prepossession of our minds, or false hypothesis, regarding the things so witnessed or observed. Suppose, for instance, that a clown comes home from an exhibition of the Wizard of the North, relating that he saw a man make pancakes in the crown of a hat, all his intelligent auditors would feel assured that he had only seen certain operations performed which seemed to result in that phenomenon, and was labouring under a false hypothesis as to these operations, the pancake having been in reality cooked in another room in the usual way. His seeing the pancake brought out of the hat after some eggs and meal had been put in, was, in short, no proof that he had seen the pancake cooked there: that was only a false hypothesis regarding the actual facts witnessed. He has, in the language of Mr John Stuart Mill, 'mistaken for perception what was only inference.'

Some of the mystic wonders which have of late years been attracting so much attention, afford, in their history from first to last, lively illustrations of the moderate value to be placed on what is thought to be the direct evidence of the senses. A man of tolerable judgment, but ignorant of the philosophy of evidence—perhaps one who has distinguished himself by professions of 'disbelief in everything' beforehand—goes to see some experiments, and is at once convinced that tables do move without human agency. 'It is true, because he has seen it.' Now what he has seen is only this—that a group of his friends sat round a table, with their hands placed upon it, all declaring that they neither pressed nor pushed. He has not ascertained that they did not press or push. He only infers from their declarations that they did not do so, the fact being, as we all know now from Professor Faraday's ingenious test, that they did use muscular force, albeit it might be unconsciously. So our sensible and previously sceptical observer has only been forming or

sanctioning a *hypothesis*, when he thought he was reporting a clear and indubitable fact.

Where there is any inclination to believe in marvellous or extraordinary things, it is surprising how easily one comes to allow himself to be deluded into the conviction that he has witnessed an alleged fact. 'In our investigation of these phenomena,' says the writer of the late able article on Electro-Biology and Mesmerism in the *Quarterly Review*, 'we have found it necessary to treat with complete disregard the testimony of all who had given themselves up to the domination of the table-turning idea; for it has happened—no doubt quite unintentionally—that they commonly omitted from their narrative the very point most essential to the elucidation of the mystery. Thus a lady assured us that, in her house, a table had moved round and round, *without being touched*. On inquiring into the circumstances, we found that a hat had been placed upon the table, and the hands of the performers upon the hat; but our fair informant was as sure that the hat could not have carried the table along with it, as she was that the hat moved round without any mechanical force from the hands! In another case, we were seriously informed that a table had been moved round by the will of a gentleman sitting at a distance from it; but it came out, upon cross-examination, that a number of hands were laid upon it in the usual way, and that, after the performers had sat for some time in silent expectation, the operator called upon the spirit of "Samson" to move the table, which then obediently went round.'

It is quite a recognised principle among legal men who have occasion to sift evidence professionally, that most witnesses relate, not what they saw or heard, but only the impression they derived from what they saw or heard, the greater part of what they say being inference, while they fully believe it to be matter of fact. 'The simplest narrative,' says Dugald Stewart, 'of the most illiterate observer, involves more or less of hypothesis; nay, in general, it will be found that in proportion to his ignorance, the greater is the number of conjectural principles involved in his statements. A village apothecary (and, if possible, in a still greater degree, an experienced nurse) is seldom able to describe the plainest case, without employing a phraseology of which every word is a theory; whereas a simple and genuine specification of the phenomena which mark a particular disease—a specification unsophisticated by fancy or by preconceived opinions—may be regarded as unequivocal evidence of a mind trained by long and successful study to the most difficult of all arts, that of the faithful interpretation of nature.\*'

\* Stewart's *Elements of the Philosophy of the Mind*, quoted in *Mill's System of Logic*.

If we look back upon the many kinds of mysterious phenomena which have sought the attention of the public during the last few years, we shall see that their progress towards general admission has been greatly retarded by the vast amount of startling assumption regarding their character when they were first spoken of. It is announced, for instance, that by an influence called animal magnetism, supposed to be a kind of fluid communicated from an operator to a subject, the said subject can be made to believe anything which the operator tells him—as, that the water he is taking is beer—that he cannot open his mouth to tell his name—and that the company around is laughing at him, when they are in reality looking on with perfect gravity. The supposition here goes so much beyond our knowledge of what is ordinary, that the whole matter is at first regarded by the great mass of sober people as a piece of imposture. It is in time ascertained that the facts are true, so far as they are facts: they are found to be very curious phenomena explicable upon principles previously in some degree known; as that, in a certain state of reverie or abstraction, hitherto observed to occur only in disease, a person may be induced to believe anything that is suggested to him. It is seen by all philosophical observers, that there is no magnetic fluid concerned in the case. 'Suggestion' explains all. Now, it is very unfortunate that the facts should have been at first so generally rejected, since they have proved to be, after all, admissible; but the fault mainly lay in the false hypothesis, whose colours they were made to bear. It must, at the same time, be allowed, that it is scarcely possible to present such facts without some species of hypothesis to give them coherence; and the first observers demand forbearance for their mistakes, seeing how far the phenomena stand out from the great bulk of the recognised truths of science.

There is a kind of vicious circle in the boasted inductive philosophy, which, so far as we are aware, no one has yet shewn a way to get over. It lies in this, that, while we are required by that philosophy to collect facts, and out of them form generalisations, we find we must have a plausible generalisation nearly allied to things already recognised, before anybody will listen to our facts. The facts are available for a generalisation only after we have obtained the proper generalisation to which to refer them; and this generalisation cannot be obtained without the facts. It seems a dead-lock, and, for anything that appears, it is only prevented from proving a complete bar to the progress of knowledge in certain lines, by the irregular action of the mere common sense of mankind. We are inclined to think that this difficulty is to a great extent the cause of the vast amount of credulity manifested by the public regarding the phenomena of mesmerism, and others of that kind. They see scientific men reject all reported observation as worthless, merely because they have no tolerable theory to which to refer it. Being very certain, from their own observation, that it is not all deception, they cannot be content with this posture of matters, but, taking the subject into their own hands, make doubtless sad work of it; yet in the long-run sometimes prove to have been the means of sustaining a drowning truth till scientific men, at length getting a glimpse of right theory, begin first to admit that there is something in it, and then to pronounce what that something is.

It appears to us that matters might be greatly accommodated if we were to come to an understanding that, generally, there is some truth in every new pseudo-science like mesmerism, to which a multitude of people testify, although quite as probably a truth much within the bounds of that at first set forth. Great multitudes of men never combine for wilful deception. Where many are impressed with what they believe to be certain positive results of experiments, the probability is that they have obtained a glimpse of

something worthy of attention, although possibly something considerably different from what they suppose. Let the scientific man look upon this as a case made out for investigation, and go into the inquiry accordingly, hoping, if he does not get gold, at least to get silver. The result of what were called the electro-biological experiments is highly encouraging, for there we see a curious new fact added to the science of mind—the liability of certain persons to fall into a waking reverie, in which they have no more will to oppose what is suggested to them, than men in general possess in their dreams. From what we have seen of the so-called 'spiritual manifestations,' we entertain no doubt that equally good fruits are to be there realised, although not in accordance with the existing theory. The phenomena we believe to be subjective, that is, arising in the minds of the experimenters, but in a manner which speaks of totally new processes of mental action. We shall probably take an early opportunity of stating what we contemplate as the natural or philosophical explanation of these phenomena.

Let us meanwhile repeat our caution against hasty assumptions on the faith of what has been 'seen,' adding a not less needful caution to the sceptical against assuming as an entire delusion what may prove to be, at least in part, a truth.

#### THE COUGAR, AND AN ADVENTURE WITH ONE.

THE only indigenous long-tailed cat in America north of the parallel of 30 degrees is the cougar. The wild cats, so called, are lynxes with short tails; and of these there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the genus *Felis*, and that is the animal we have mentioned. It has received many trivial appellations. Among Anglo-American hunters, he is called the panther—in their poets, painter. The absence of stripes, such as those of the tiger—or spots, as upon the leopard—or rosettes, as upon the jaguar, have suggested the name of the naturalists, concolor. Discolor was formerly in use; but the other has been generally adopted. There are few wild animals so regular in their colour as the cougar: very little variety has been observed among different specimens. Some naturalists speak of spotted cougars—that is, having spots that may be seen in a certain light. Upon young cubs, such markings do appear; but they are no longer visible on the full-grown animal. The cougar of mature age is of a tawny red colour, almost uniform over the whole body, though somewhat paler about the face and the parts underneath. This colour is not exactly the tawny of the lion; it is more of a reddish hue—nearer to what is termed calf-colour.

The cougar is far from being a well-shaped creature: it appears disproportioned. Its back is long and hollow; and its tail does not taper so gracefully as in some other animals of the cat-kind. Its legs are short and stout; and although far from clumsy in appearance, it does not possess the graceful *tournure* of body so characteristic of some of its congeners. Though considered the representative of the lion in the New World, his resemblance to the royal beast is but slight; his colour alone entitles him to such an honour. For the rest, he is much more akin to the tigers, jaguars, and true panthers. Cougars are rarely more than six feet in length including the tail, which is usually about a third of that measurement. The range of the animal is very extensive. He is known from Paraguay to the Great Lakes of North America. In no part of either continent is he to be seen every day, because he is for the most part not only nocturnal in his activity, but one of those fierce creatures that, fortunately, do not exist in large numbers. Like others of the genus, he is solitary in his habits, and at the approach of civilisation betakes

himself to the remoter parts of the forest. Hence the cougar, although found in all of the United States, is a rare animal everywhere, and seen only at long intervals in the mountain valleys or in other difficult places of the forest. The appearance of a cougar is sufficient to throw any neighbourhood into an excitement similar to that which would be produced among us by the chase of a mad dog.

He is a splendid tree-climber. He can mount a tree with the agility of a cat; and although so large an animal, he climbs by means of his claws—not by hugging, after the manner of the bears and opossums. While climbing a tree, his claws can be heard crackling along the bark as he mounts upward. He sometimes lies 'squatted' along a horizontal branch—a lower one—for the purpose of springing upon deer, or such other animals as he wishes to prey upon. The ledge of a cliff is also a favourite haunt, and such are known among the hunters as panther-ledges. He selects such a position in the neighbourhood of some watering-place, or, if possible, one of the salt or soda springs (licks) so numerous in America. Here he is more certain that his vigil will not be a protracted one. His prey—elk, deer, antelope, or buffalo—soon appears beneath, unconscious of the dangerous enemy that covers over them. When fairly within reach, the cougar springs, and pouncing down upon the shoulders of his victim, buries his claws in its flesh. The terrified animal starts forward, leaps from side to side, dashes into the papaw thickets, or breasts the dense cane-brake, in hopes of brushing off its relentless rider. All in vain! Closely clasping its neck, the cougar clings on, tearing its victim in the throat, and drinking its blood throughout the wild gallop. Faint and feeble, the ruminant at length totters and falls, and the fierce destroyer squats himself along the body, and finishes his red repast. If the cougar can overcome several animals at a time, he will kill them all, although but the twentieth part may be required to satiate his hunger. Unlike the lion in this, even in repetition he will kill. With him, destruction of life seems to be an instinct.

There is a very small animal, and apparently a very helpless one, with which the cougar occasionally quarrels, but often with ill success—this is the Canada porcupine. Whether the cougar ever succeeds in killing one of these creatures is not known, but that he attacks them is beyond question, and his own death is often the result. The quills of the Canada porcupine are slightly barbed at their extremities; and when stuck into the flesh of a living animal, this arrangement causes them to penetrate mechanically deeper and deeper as the animal moves. That the porcupine can itself discharge them to some distance, is not true, but it is true that it can cause them to be easily detached; and this it does when rashly seized by any of the predatory animals. The result is, that these remarkable spines become fast in the tongue, jaws, and lips of the cougar, or any other creature which may make an attack on that seemingly unprotected little animal. The fisher (*Mustela Canadensis*) is said to be the only animal that can kill the porcupine with impunity. It fights the latter by first throwing it upon its back, and then springing upon its upturned belly, where the spines are almost entirely wanting.

The cougar is called a cowardly animal: some naturalists even assert that it will not venture to attack man. This is, to say the least, a singular declaration, after the numerous well-attested instances in which men have been attacked, and even killed by cougars. There are many such in the history of early settlement in America. To say that cougars are cowardly now when found in the United States—to say they are shy of man, and will not attack him, may be true enough. Strange, if the experience of 200 years' hunting, and by such hunters too, did not bring them

to that. I might safely affirm, that if the lions of Africa were placed in the same circumstances, a very similar shyness and dread of the upright biped would soon exhibit itself. What all these creatures—bears, cougars, lynxes, wolves, and even alligators—are now, is no criterion of their past. Authentic history proves that their courage, at least so far as regards man, has changed altogether since they first heard the sharp detonation of the deadly rifle. Even contemporaneous history demonstrates this. In many parts of South America, both jaguar and cougar attack man, and numerous are the deadly encounters there. In Peru, on the eastern declivity of the Andes, large settlements and villages have been abandoned solely on account of the perilous proximity of those fierce animals.

In the United States, the cougar is hunted by dog and gun. He will run from the hounds, because he knows they are backed by the unerring rifle of the hunter; but should one of the yelping pack approach too near, a single blow of the cougar's paw is sufficient to stretch him out. When closely pushed, the cougar takes to a tree, and, halting in one of its forks, he humps his back, bristles his hair, looks downward with gleaming eyes, and utters a sound somewhat like the purring of a cat, though far louder. The crack of the hunter's rifle usually puts an end to these demonstrations, and the cougar drops to the ground either dead or wounded. If only the latter, a desperate fight ensues between him and the dogs, with several of whom he usually leaves a mark that distinguishes them for the rest of their lives.

The scream of the cougar is a common phrase. It is not very certain that the creature is addicted to the habit of screaming, although noises of this kind heard in the nocturnal forest have been attributed to him. Hunters, however, have certainly never heard him, and they believe that the scream talked about proceeds from one of the numerous species of owls that inhabit the deep forests of America. At short intervals, the cougar does make himself heard in a note which somewhat resembles a deep-drawn sigh, or as if one were to utter with an extremely guttural expression the syllables: 'Co-oa,' or even 'Cougar.' Is it from this that he derives his trivial name?

Some years ago, while residing in Louisiana, I was told a squatter's story, which I have reason to believe to be true in every particular. I had it from the squatter himself, and that is my reason for endorsing its truth, as I knew the narrator, rude creature though he was, to be a man of undoubted veracity. As an incident of hunter-life, the story may possess some interest for the general reader; but to the naturalist it will be equally interesting, as illustrating a curious trait in the character of the cougar, as well as other preying animals, when under the influence of fear—the fear of some common danger. These lose at times all their ferocity, and will not molest even those animals upon which they are accustomed to prey. I have observed this forbearance oftentimes myself, but the story of the squatter will fully illustrate it. I shall give it in the language that fell from his own lips, as nearly as I can remember it:—

'Wal, strenger, we hev floods hyur in Loozyanny, sich as, I guess, you've never seed the like o' in England. England ain't big enough to hev sich floods. One o' 'em ud kiver yur whole country, I hev heern said. I won't say that ar's true, as I ain't acquainted with yur jography. I know, howsomdever, they're mighty big freshets hyur, as I hev sailed a skiff more'n a hundred mile across one o' 'em, whar thar wan't nothin' to be seen but cypress tops peepin' out o' the water. The floods, as ye know, come every year, but them ar big ones only once in a while. Wal, about ten yearn ago, I located in the Red River bottom, about fifty mile or tharabout below Nacketosh, whar I built me a shanty. I hed left my wife an' two young critters in Mississippi state, intendin' to go back for



'em in the spring; so, ye see, I war all alone by meself, exceptin' my ole mar, a Collins's axe, an' o' coorse my rifle.

'I hed finished the shanty all but the chinkin' an' the buildin' o' a chimbley, when what shed come on but one o' 'em tarnation floods. It war at night when it begun to make its appearance. I war asleep on the floor o' the shanty, an' the first warnin' I hed o' it war the feel o' the water soakin' through my ole blanket. I hed been a-dreamin', an' thort it war rainin', an' then agin I thort that I war bein' drowned in the Mississippi; but I wan't many seconds awuke, till I guessed what it war in reality; so I jumped to my feet like a started buck, an' groped my way to the door. A sight that war when I got thar. I hed clurred a piece o' ground around the shanty—a kuppel o' acres or better—I hed left the stumps a good three feet high: thar wan't a stump to be seen. My clearin', stumps an' all, war under water; an' I could see it shinin' among the trees all round the shanty. Of coorse, my fust thoughts war about my rifle; an' I turned back into the shanty, an' laid my claws upon that quick enough. I next went in search o' my ole mar. She wan't hard to find; for if ever a critter made a noise, she did. She war tied to a tree clost by the shanty, an' the way she war a-squealin' war a caution to cats. I found her up to the belly in water, pitchin' an' flounderin' all round the tree. She hed nothin' on but the rope that she war hitched by. Both saddle an' bridle hed been washed away: so I made the rope into a sort o' halter, an' mounted her bare-backed. Jest then I begun to think whar I war a-goin'. The hul country appeared to be under water: an' the nearest neighbor I hed lived across the parairy ten miles off. I knew that his shanty sot on high ground, but how war I to get thar. It war night: I mout lose my way, an' ride chuck into the river. When I thort o' this, I concluded it mout be better to stay by my own shanty till mornin'. I could hitch the mar inside to keep her from bein' floated away; an' for meself, I could climb on the roof. Howsomdever, while I war thinkin' on this, I noticed that the water war a-deepenin', an' it jest kim into my head, that it ud soon be deep enough to drown my ole mar. For meself I wan't frightened. I mout a clomb a tree, an' stayed thar till the flood fell; but I shed a lost the mar, an' that critter war too valleyble to think o' sich a sacryfize; so I made up my mind to chance crossin' the parairy. Thar wan't no time to be wasted—ne'er a minnit; so I gin the mar a kick or two in the ribs an' started.

'I found the path out to the edge of the parairy easy enough. I hed blazed it when I fust come to the place; an', as the night war not a very dark one, I could see the blazes as I passed atween the trees. My mar knew the track as well as meself, an' swalttered through at a sharp rate, for she knew too thar wan't no time to be wasted. In five minnites we kim out on the edge o' the parairy, an' jest as I expected, the hul thing war kivered with water, an' lookin' like a big pond. I could see it shinin' clur across to the other side o' the openin'. As luck ud hev it, I could jest git a glimpse o' the trees on the fur side o' the parairy. Thar war a big clump o' cypress, that I could see plain enough; I knew this war clost to my neighbor's shanty; so I gin my critter the switch, an' struck right for it. As I left the timmer, the mar war up to her hips. Of coorse, I expected a good grist o' heavy wadin'; but I hed no idee that the water war a-gwine to git much higher: thar's whar I made my mistake. I hedn't got more'n a kuppel o' miles out, when I discovered that the thing war a-risin' rapidly, for I seed the mar war a-gettin' deeper an' deeper. 'Twan't no use turnin' back now. I ud lose the mar to a dead sartinity, if I didn't make the high ground; so I spoke to the critter to do her best, an' kep on. The poor beest didn't need any whippin'—she knew as well's I

did meself thar war danger, an' she war a-doin' her darndest, an' no mistake. Still the water riz, an' kep a-risin', until it come clur up to her shoulders. I begun to git skeart in airnest. We wan't more'n half across, an' I seed if it riz much more we ud hev to swim for it. I wan't far astray about that. The minnit arter it seemed to deepen suddintly, as if thar war a hollow in the parairy: I heerd the mar give a loud gof, an' then go down, till I war up to the waist. She riz agin the next minnit, but I could tell from the smooth ridin' that she war off o' the bottom. She war swimmin', an' no mistake.

'At fust I thort o' headin' her back to the shanty; an' I drew her round with that intent; but turn her which way I would, I found she could no longer touch bottom. I guess, strenger, I war in a quandairy about then. I 'gun to think that both my own an' my mar's time war come in airnest, for I hed no idee that the critter could iver swim to the other side, specially with me on her back, an' perticklarly as at that time these hyur ribs had a sight more griakin' upon 'em than they hev now. I wan't much under two hundred at the time, an' that ar no light weight, I reckon. Wal, I war about reckonin' up. I hed got to thinkin' o' Mary an' the childer, and the old shanty in the Mississippi, an' a heap o' things that I hed left unsettled, an' that now come into my mind to trouble me. The mar war still plungin' ahead; but I seed she war sinkin' deeper an' deeper, an' fust loosin' her strength, an' I knew she couldn't hold out much longer. I thort at this time that if I got off o' her back, an' tuk hold o' the tail, she mout manage a leetle better. So I slipped backwards over her hips, an' grupp'd the long hair. It did do some good, for she swum higher; but we got mighty slow through the water, an' I hed but leetle behopes we should reach land.

'I war towed in this way about a quarter o' a mile, when I spied somethin' floatin' on the water a leetle ahead. It hed growed considerably darker; but thar war still light enough to shew me that the thing war a log. An idee now entered my brain-pan, that I mout save meself by takin' to the log. The mar ud then have a better chance for herself; an' maybe, when eased o' draggin' my carcass, that war a-keepin' her back, she mout make footin' somewhar. So I waited till she got a leetle clostier; an' then, lettin' go o' her tail, I clasped the log, an' crawled on to it. The mar swum on, appearintly 'thout missin' me. I seed her disappear through the darkness; but I didn't as much as say good-by to her, for I war afear'd that my voice mout bring her back agin, an' she mout strike the log with her hoofs, an' whammel it about. So I lay quiet, an' let her hev her own way.

'I wan't long on the log till I seed it war a-drifin', for thar war a current in the water that set to'uble sharp across the parairy. I hed crawled up at one end, an' got stridelegs; but as the log dipped considerable, I war still over the hams in the water. I thort I mout be more comfortable towards the middle, an' war about to pull the thing more under me, when all at once I seed thar war somethin' clumped up on 't'other end o' the log. 'Twan't very clur at the time, for it had been a-growin' cloudier ever since I left the shanty, but 'twar clur enough to shew me that the thing war a varmint: what sort, I couldn't tell. It mout be a bar, an' it mout not; but I had my suspects it war eyther a bar or a painter. I wan't left long in doubt about the thing's gender. The log kep makin' circles as it drifted, an' when the varmint kim round into a different light, I caught a glimpse o' its eyes. I knew them eyes to be no bar's eyes: they war painter's eyes, an' no mistake. I reckon, strenger, I felt very queery jest about then. I didn't try to go any nearer the middle o' the log; but instead o' that, I wriggled back until I war right plum on the eend of it, an' could git no further. Thar I sot for a good long spell 'thout movin' hand or foot. I darn't make a

motion, as I war afeard it mout tempt the varmint to attack me. I hed no weepun but my knife; I hed let go o' my rifle when I slid from the mar's back, an' it hed gone to the bottom long since. I wan't in any condition to stand a tussle with the painter nohow; so I war determined to let him alone as long's he ud me.

'Wal, we drifted on for a good hour, I guess, 'thout eyther o' us stirrin'. We sot face to face; an' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort o' up-an'-down motion, an' then the painter an' I kep bowin' to each other like a pair o' bob-sawyers. I could see all the while that the varmint's eyes war fixed upon mine, an' I never tuk mine from his; I knowd 'twar the only way to keep him still.

'I war jest prospectin' what ud be the eendin' o' the business, when I seed we war a-gettin' closther to the timber: 'twan't more than two miles off, but 'twar all under water 'ceptin' the tops o' the trees. I war thinkin' that when the log shed float in among the branches, I mout slip off, an' git my claws upon a tree, 'thout sayin' anythin' to my travellin' companion. Jest at that minnit somethin' appeared dead ahead o' the log. It war like a island; but what could hev brought a island thar? Then I recollects that I hed seed a piece o' high ground about that part o' the parairy—a sort o' mound that hed been made by Injuns, I s'pose. This, then, that looked like a island, war the top o' that mound, sure enough. The log war a-driftin' in such a way that I seed it must pass within twenty yards o' the mound. I determined then, as soon as we shed git alongside, to put out for it, an' leave the painter to continue his voyage 'thout me.

'When I fust sighted the island I seed somethin' that I hed tuk for bushes. But thar wan't no bushes on the mound—that I knowd. Howsomdever, when we got a leetle closther, I discovered that the bushes war beests. They war deer; for I spied a pair o' buck's horns atween me an' the sky. But thar war a somethin' still bigger than a deer. It mout be a horse, or it mout be an opelous or ox, but I thort it war a horse. I war right about that, for a horse it war, sure enough, or rayther I shed say, a *mar*, an' that mar no other than my ole critter! Arter partin' company, she hed turned with the current; an', as good-luck ud hev it, hed swum in a bee-line for the island, an' thar she stood lookin' as slick as if she hed been greased. The log hed by this got nigh enough, as I kalkulated; an', with as little rumpus as possible, I slipped over the eend an' lot go my hold o' it. I wan't right spread in the water, afore I heerd a plump, an' lookin' round a bit, I seed the painter hed left the log, an' tuk the water too! At fust, I thort he war arter me; an' I drewd my knife with one hand, while I swum with the other. But the painter didn't mean fight that time. He made but poor swimmin' himself, an' appeared glad enough to get upon dry groun' 'thout molestin' me; so we swum on side by side, an' not a word passed atween us. I didn't want to make a race o' it; so I let him pass me, rayther than that he should fall behind, an' get among my legs. Of coorse, he landed fust; an' I could hear by the stompin' o' hoofs, that his suddint appearance hed kicked up a jolly stampede among the critters upon the island. I could see both deer an' mar dancing all over the groun', as if Old Nick himself hed got among 'em. None o' 'em, howsomdever, thort o' takin' to the water. They hed all hed enough o' that, I guess. I kep a leetle round, so as not to land near the painter; an' then, touchin' bottom, I climbed quietly up on the mound. I hed hardly drewd my drippin' carcass out o' the water, when I heern a loud squeal, which I knew to be the whigher o' my ole mar; an' jest at that minnit the critter kim runnin' up, an' rubbed her nose agin my shoulder. I tuk the halter in my hand, an' sidlin' round a leetle, I jumped upon her back, for I still war in fear o' the painter; an' the mar's back appeared to me the safest place about, an' that wan't very safe, I reckon.

'I now looked all round to see what new company I hed got into. The day war jest breakin', an' I could distinguish a leetle better every minnit. The top o' the mound which war above water wan't over a half an acre in size, an' it war as clur o' timmer as any other part o' the parairy, so that I could see every inch o' it, an' everythin' on it as big as a tumble-bug. I reckon, strenger, that you'll hardly believe me when I tell you the concatenation o' varmint that war then an' thar caused together. I could hardly believe my own eyes when I seed sich a gatherin', an' I thort I hed got aboard o' Noah's Ark. Thar war—listen, strenger—fust my ole mar an' meself, an' I wished both o' us anywhar else, I reckon—then thar war the painter, yur old acquaintance—then thar war four deer, a buck an' three does. Then kim a catamount; an' arter him a black bar, a most as big as a buffalo. Then thar war a 'coon an' a 'possum, an' a kuppel o' gray wolves, an' a swamp rabbit, an', darn the thing! a stinkin' skunk. Perhaps the last wan't the most dangerous varmint on the groun', but it sartintly war the most disagreeable o' the hul lot, for it smelt only as a cussed polecat can smelt.

'I've said, strenger, that I war mightily tuk by surprise when I fust seed this curious clanjamfrey o' critters; but I kin tell you I war still more dumfounded when I seed thar behaveyur to one another, knowin' thar different natures as I did. Thar war the painter lyin' clost up to the deer—its nat'ral prey; an' thar war the wolves too; an' thar war the catamount standin' within three feet o' the 'possum an' the swamp rabbit; an' thar war the bar an' the cunnin' old coon; an' thar they all war, no more mindin' one another than if they hed spent all thar days together in the same penn. 'Twar the oddest sight I ever seed; an' it remembered me o' a bit o' Scripter my ole mother hed often read from a book called the Bible, or some sich name—about a lion that war so tame he used to squat down beside a lamb, 'thout layin' a claw upon the innocent critter. Wal, strenger, as I'm sayin', the hul party behaved in this very way. They all appeared down in the mouth, an' badly skeart about the water; but for all that, I hed my fears that the painter or the bar—I wan't afeard o' any o' the others—mout git over thar fright afore the flood fell; an' therefore I kept as quiet as any one o' them during the hul time I war in thar company, an' stayin' all the time clost by the mar. But neyther bar nor painter shewed any savage sign the hul o' the next day, nor the night that follered it.

'Strenger, it ud tire you war I to tell you all the movements that tuk place among these critters durin' that long day an' night. Ne'er a one o' 'em laid tooth or claw on the other. I war hungry enough meself, and ud a liked to hev taken a steak from the buttocks o' one o' the deer, but I darn't do it. I war afeard to break the peace, which mout a led to a general shindy. When day broke, next mornin' arter, I seed that the flood war a-fallin'; and as soon as it war shallow enough, I led my mar quietly into the water, an' climbin' upon her back, tuk a silent leave o' my companions. The water still tuk my mar up to the flanks, so that I knew none o' the varmint could follow 'thout swimmin', an' ne'er a one seemed inclined to try a swim. I struck direct for my neighbor's shanty, which I could see about three mile off, an', in an hour or so, I war at his door. Thar I didn't stay long, but borrowin' an extra gun which he happened to hev, an' takin' him along with his own rifle, I waded my mar back to the island.

'We found the game not exactly as I hed led it. The fall o' the flood hed given the painter, the cat, an' the wolves courage. The swamp rabbit an' the 'possum war clean gone—all but bits o' thar wool—an' one o' the does war better 'n half devoured. My neighbor tuk one side, an' I the other, an' ridin' clost up, we

surrounded the island. I plugged the painter at the first shot, an' he did the same for the bar. We next layed out the wolves, an' arter that cooney, an' then we tuk our time about the deer—these last an' the bar bein' the only valley'ble things on the island. The skunk we kilt last, as we didn't want the thing to stink us off the place while we war a-skinning the deer. Arter killin' the skunk, we mounted an' left, of coorse loaded with our bar-meat an' venison. I got my rifle arter all. When the flood went down, I found it near the middle of the parairy, half buried in the sludge.

'I saw I hed built my shanty in the wrong place; but I soon looked out a better location, an' put up another. I hed all ready in the spring, when I went back to Massissippi, an' brought out Mary and the two young uns.'

Thus ended the squatter's story.

### SHOPKEEPERS' GREEK.

WALKING the other day through one of the busy streets of London, and glancing at the varied novelties and splendours of the shops, this question occurred to us: 'Whence do the shopkeepers get their Greek?' It is not, we can assure the reader, a very easy question to answer: we confess to be puzzled by it. Take, for instance, this tailor with a comprehensive mind; he draws our attention to his 'Anaxyridian trousers.' Now, what does he mean by Anaxyridian, and how and where did he compose the word? He tells us that his trousers are so cut that they remain as a fixture to the heel without straps or braces; and we suppose we are to infer that this property is expressed by the word Anaxyridian. We can the more readily believe this, because Mr Puff, in the *Critic*, made Lord Burleigh express by a single shake of the head the doctrine, 'that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures, yet if there was not a greater spirit shewn on the part of the people, the party would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy;' and although Mr Sneer expressed a doubt whether his lordship could convey so much by a mere shake of the head, Mr Puff settled it conclusively by saying: 'Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.' In the same way, we suppose, Anaxyridian ought to convey the idea of braceless and strapless trousers, if we only use our Greek as the tailor wishes. But where, we ask again, did the tailor find or make his Greek? Did he obtain a dictionary, and compound a word of several Greek particles? or has he a promising son, who is picking up bits of Greek at school? or did he beg or borrow a little Greek from one of his well-to-do customers? All these matters, perchance, are among the secrets of trade, and our attempt to bring them to light has failed.

One thing is certain, that manufacturers and shopkeepers are becoming remarkably prone to the use of fine hard unknown names. An 'emporium' sounds much more important than a 'shop'; *ergo*, it is better to keep an emporium than a shop; *ergo*, it is desirable to give your shop the dignity of an emporium. But it is in the names of commodities that this superhuman learning shews itself: we do not know how great our Greek and Latin knowledge is until we have studied the sign-boards and shop advertisements. Nor is it merely Greek and Latin; there are French, and Italian, and original, and composite names in good store. Let us see around us a little.

The names which manufacturers give to their woven goods are so capricious, that we cannot fix them down under any rule at all. Sometimes the name is an elaborate combination of Greek or Latin syllables, to denote in some degree the quality of the cloth; sometimes it is an imported French, or Italian, or Spanish name; frequently it is the name of a town or a district;

quite as frequently it is the name of a person. Among cotton goods we find 'saccharillas,' 'nainsooks,' 'tarlatans,' 'surougs,' 'grandvilles,' 'Selampores,' 'denims,' 'panos da Costa,' 'Polynesian swanadown' (did the cotton come from the breast of a swan, and did it grow in Polynesia?), 'doeskins, and moleskins, and lambskins,' 'coutils,' and a host of other queer examples. The woollen and worsted people are not less liberal in nomenclature, for they give us 'anti-rheumatic flannel,' 'swanskin,' 'valencias,' 'reversible Witneys,' 'double-surfaced beavers,' 'Himalayas,' 'satin-face doeskins' (a doe would hardly know herself with such a face), 'fur Janus beavers,' 'Moscow beavers,' 'Alpa Vicunas,' 'three-point Mackinaws,' 'barège-de-laine,' 'Saxe-Coburgs,' 'Orleans,' 'napped pilots,' 'double Napiers,' 'elephanta ribs,' 'elephant beavers' (unknown to naturalists, certainly), 'rhinoceros skins,' 'paramattas,' 'barracans,' 'moskittos,' 'stockinettes,' 'wildboars,' 'aravenas ponchos,' 'princettas,' 'plain backs,' 'fearnoughts,' 'chameleons,' 'figured Amazonians,' 'alpaca incas and madelinas,' 'velillos,' and 'cristales,' and 'cubicas,' 'Circassians,' 'madonnas,' 'balzarines,' 'durants,' and 'cotillions,' 'Genappes,' 'Henriettes,' 'rumawizzles'—all, be it observed, varieties of woollen and worsted goods. Nor do the silk-weavers forget to supply us with 'mayonettes,' 'diaphanes,' 'glacé gris d'Afrique,' 'brocettes,' 'barrattheas,' 'armoyins royales,' 'Balmorals,' 'paraphantons,' 'Radzinorals,' 'moiré antiques,' 'Algerias,' 'levantines,' and other oddly-named goods. The flax-folks, too, have their own favourite list; such as 'dowlases,' 'ducks,' 'drills,' 'huckabacks,' 'gray Baden Badens,' 'diapers,' 'drabnets,' 'tickings,' 'crankies,' 'commodoros,' 'Wellingtons,' 'towellings,' 'dusters,' 'paddinges,' 'Oanaburgs,' 'Ticklenburgs,' 'Silesias,' 'platillas,' 'estopillas,' 'bretanas,' 'creas legitimas,' &c.

The boot-and-shoe fraternity have their own list of fine names. We talk not of the 'red morocco leg patent goloshed vandkyed button boot,' or the 'ladies' ottoman silk goloshed elastic button gaiter,' because these are simply heapings-up of words one upon another, to astound the purchaser with a verbal crash. But the 'soccopedes elasticus' is much more classical: do we not feel at once, even in the very words, the softness of the ladies' elastic silk-boots? Our old friends the 'acmé' boots seem to have died away, and all we can recollect concerning them, is the first two lines of some beautiful poetry which the bootmaker addressed to his customers:—

Acme boots and shoes you'll find  
Better than any other kind.

The 'pannuscorium boots' ought surely to be worn by every Latin school-boy; and the 'resilient boots' are little less worthy of attention.

The tailors beat the bootmakers hollow in their Latin and Greek. The 'subclavian sector' is tremendous—it sounds so surgical-like; it is, however, very innocent—nothing more than a tailor's measure. And a tailor's measure, likewise, is the 'registered symmetrometer.' We are afraid to say how many learned names besides 'siphonia' are given to waterproof garments. The 'unique habit,' cut in one piece, and having no seam on the top of the shoulder, or the outside of the arm, or down the middle of the back, is one among many examples of an ambitious kind of tailoring; of which Mr Watts's 'complete coat, trousers, and waistcoat, in one piece, without any seam,' is another. And if 'unique' be a good name, why not 'bis-unique'? There is, accordingly, the 'bis-unique or reversible garment,' a cunning device, which presents two sides: you turn your coat or vest inside out, and present another surface of a different colour, both surfaces being prepared and finished sufficiently for external show. The 'Anaxyridian trousers' we have already duly honoured, and have only to hope that the wearers,



depending abidingly on the soundness of the Greek, will find that the trousers 'remain as a fixture to the heel without straps or braces.' The bi-unique theory is carried to a further stage by another tailor, for he has coined the name 'monomeroskiton'—long enough to form a very pretty Greek lesson—for a 'single-piece coat, cut from one piece of cloth.' So far as we can venture to guess, the 'duplexa' must be first-cousin to this bi-unique family; for it is a 'morning and evening coat, intended to answer the purpose of two garments of opposite character.' The 'anti-rheumatic belt and drawers' we will say nothing about, for rheumatism has, unfortunately, become quite as much English as Greek. The 'registered auto-crematic gown,' which is prevented from falling from the shoulders by the nicety of its cut, and the adjustment of elastic springs, must surely be a treasure, even for the sake of its name. The 'patent euknemeda,' a cloth or leather fastening for stays and ladies' dresses, seems scarcely soft and lady-like enough in its sound for such delicate use; but it looks like Greek, and therefore we suppose it will do very well.

Nor have hats, and bonnets, and hosiery, and shirts been left unadorned with Greek and Latin trimmings. The 'ventilating chaco' will not perplex us much, because the chaco (chako, shako, shako), as a foreign name for a military-hat, is becoming naturalised among us. But Mr Fox's 'korychlamyd' is a crusher. Of course no one knows what it means, and this enhances the importance. It seems to be a new kind of helmet-cap; but we much prefer the idea of a military officer saying to Jeames, his servant: 'Bring me my korychlamyd.' The 'novum pileum' hat suggests this query: Did the Latins ever wear silk hats? The 'areo-phane bonnet,' a pretty name for a pretty garment, is too transparently beautiful to seem like hard Greek. As to 'goffered crinoline,' the two words appear to be French; and the material so named is, we believe, used not only for bonnets, but for garments which men-folk are supposed to know nothing about. The 'brayama gloves,' from Nottingham, rather puzzle us; we know not what the name can import. But O for an 'el dorado shirt!' This must surely be a golden fit. The shirt-makers are bold polyglottists; for besides the 'dorado,' we have the 'eureka,' and the 'corazza,' and the 'giubba,' and the 'elastice transparente,' and the 'tourist sottanello,' and others so bedizened with names that we can scarcely recognise them as plain, honest, well-meaning shirts. Another member of the series, the 'registered sans-pili shirt,' is, we believe, made without those crinkum-crankums which seamstresses call gathers. Collars, cravats, gloves, stockings, braces, all have obtained proof that the schoolmaster is abroad, or rather in the shop: all are now tricked out with fine and high-sounding names.

The patent-medicine people are famous hands at their Greek, and Latin, and florid nomenclature. It is just possible that a purchaser will deem the medicine more powerful and efficacious, if it have a fine long hard name: we strongly suspect that some such purchasers are among our own personal acquaintance. Has not Mr Rowland sold much more 'Macassar,' and 'kalydor,' and 'odontia,' and 'dentifrice,' than if those perfumes had had more simple names? And then think of the 'rondoletia soap,' the 'poudre subtile,' the 'oriental oil,' the 'almond tablet,' the 'oxaline,' the 'pomade divine,' and such-like adjuncts to the toilet. The 'cough elixir,' the 'ophthalmic ointment,' the 'tonic pills,' the 'bunion solvent,' the 'tonic invigorating restorative,' the 'polar liniment for chilblains,' the 'infallible preventive specific,' the 'collyrium for the eyes,' the 'tooth tincture,' the 'anti-consumptive liniment,' the 'astringent antiseptic tooth-powder'—we may safely consider the little bits of Greek and Latin comprised in these names as so much capital to the seller, yielding good monetary returns.

Pottery used to be pottery, but now it is 'ceramic' manufacture. 'Burnt clay' would be a poor dull name, but 'terra cotta' has a fine æsthetic Italian sound about it. Fine china is not a good enough name for statuette material; we must call it 'Parian.' Although we do not use any hot wax in ornamenting our tiles, yet we like to talk of 'encaustic tiles.' Our fathers and mothers delighted to look at a magic lantern, but we must have either a 'camera obscura' or a 'phantasmagoria,' or both. Our exhibitions would once draw shillings by the aid of simple English names, but we must now have 'dioramas,' 'cosmoramas,' 'cycloramas,' 'panoramas,' 'polytechnics,' 'pantechnicons.' Musical instrument-makers have rushed into Greek and Latin, like other manufacturers: they give us 'piccolos,' 'harmoniums,' 'microchordians,' 'microphonic pianos,' 'æolians,' 'ophicleides,' 'cornopeans,' 'floetinas,' 'flutinas,' 'accordions,' 'concertinas,' 'melodeons,' 'seraphines,' 'autophones,' 'serpenteleides,' 'enharmonic guitars and organs,' 'symphonions,' 'æolophons,' while, for time and tone measuring instruments, we have such brave names as 'metronomes,' 'tonimeters,' and 'normæ virium.' Ought the world to remain ignorant of music after all this? Shorthand is 'stenography,' and good writing is 'calligraphy,' and open-air exercises are 'gymnastics,' and ladies' gymnastics are 'calisthenics.'

Some of these latter exercises are more professional, more gentlemanly, more polished; but the real shop-keepers' Greek is the most curious: it is curious often because of its incongruity, and also because one wonders how and by whom it was concocted. There was a company started a year or two ago under the tremendous name of the 'British Exodus, or National Emigration Fund of the Hunter River Gold-mining Company'—a name which we can understand in spite of its length, because the component words are nearly all familiar; but if we are to meet with many more 'anaxyridiads,' 'monomeroskitons,' 'euknemedas,' and 'korychlamyds,' there is but one resource—we must walk through Holborn and the Strand with a Greek dictionary in hand!

#### NEW PROSPECTS OF LUNAR CONQUEST.

THE earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in the year 1851.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, there found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an 'inconstant jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out derisively from the sky with a one-sided face.' It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterised the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that 'Rejected Addresses' were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of 'likely men' was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September 1852 at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first-fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips there presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the form of delineation the band of confederated selenographers intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851 Professor Bond of Cambridge, United States, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across.\* That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at a low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, instead of in five, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again: if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of only six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet was engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself distinctly upon the film of iodized collodion in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve-inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which the form and outline of an object really 105 feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible as lines. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate

contrivances, would in fact present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomforted geologists may therefore take heart; their turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate Daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon. She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographer's camera, it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction towards which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made by some means or other to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clock-work. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upwards or downwards on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity, and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behaviour of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings, but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship. Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted

\* See No. 404 of the Journal.



accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room left for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.

### THE POETRY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

PROFESSOR WILSON gave perhaps the most concise definition of poetry which could be attempted, when he said it was 'the intellect coloured by the feelings.' If this brief interpretation of a term so familiar, and yet about the precise meaning of which so much has been written, does not include all descriptions of poetry, it certainly applies very directly to that which emanates from the female mind. In the writings of almost every literary woman, it is very obvious that the intellect and the emotions have a close and inseparable alliance. In a very few instances, the intellect may be said to preponderate, but in general it is not only coloured, but highly coloured by the feelings; so much so as either to be passionate or deeply pathetic. Hence we find that for the most part women, or men in whom a delicacy of sentiment akin to that which distinguishes the more cultivated of the female sex, have given us the best specimens of what is called the poetry of the affections. In the higher walks of poetry—such as the dramatic—few women have won a reputation. Their range is naturally restricted; for however powerful the imagination may be, the emotions are still more powerful, and what is simply touching, is the product of the female mind in most cases, rather than what is bold, stern, and strong.

Among the living female writers of poetry, there is not one to whom we could point as an exception to this general rule, in the sense in which Joanna Baillie was so, unless it is Mrs Barrett Browning. In her case the feelings, or at least that narrower range of them which we have called the affections, come into play comparatively seldom. In the several volumes she has published, we find nothing akin to the gentleness and sweetly pathetic tone of the poetry of Mrs Hemans, and nearly as little of the passionate impetuosity which characterised that of L. E. L. Except in one or two instances, there is no approximation to the style of any one of our modern British poets—nothing which indicates the influence of a masculine mind sufficiently strong to overcome, or give, as it were, a bias to the natural expression of feminine emotions and experiences. There is great original vigour to be found in much of Mrs Browning's poetry, sentiment considerably different from that which we usually receive from her sex, and a certain wildness in her fancies not easily accounted for on the ordinary principles which guide us in judging of any literary effort. We do not, indeed, need to be told that she has a large store of acquired knowledge, for that is obvious in almost all her writings, much more so than her experience of ordinary life; but we do need to know that several of Mrs Browning's early years were spent in a sick-chamber, with the Greek poets for her chief companions, before we can fully estimate the value of her poetry as the expression of natural feelings, or thoroughly appreciate its artistic structure. Shut out, or, more properly speaking, shut in from that communion with persons of her own sex and age which would have tended to the development of that part of her nature which so often struggles rather than flows through her writings, we can easily conceive her mode of thinking, as well as her taste, to have been greatly affected by her studies; while her emotions, restricted in their range, now break out into narrow channels, often with far more than womanly vehemence. In one point—namely, the influence of sorrow upon her genius—there may be said to be a similarity between

her poetry and that of her female contemporaries or predecessors in general; but even that influence is usually manifested in a peculiar way. It is occasionally felt as a load which burdens the spirit of the poetess, and darkens her views of life. Thoughtful to a degree beyond what is necessary for the healthy exercise of the poetic faculty, and often gloomy from a too quick sense of the ills of life—or rather, an exaggeration of them—Mrs Browning is by no means a hopeful writer. Her poetry abounds with those solemn communings with her own heart, and those broodings in the shadows of existence which give the mind a melancholy and often an untruthful tone. Her themes are, for the most part, sufficiently indicative of this, and the very titles of her lyrical poems, where they are not obscurely fanciful, are in keeping with the spirit which pervades them. Thus we have *The Cry of the Human*, *The Soul's Travail*, *The Cry of the Children*, and similar titles. In seeking to make a selection from her poetry, we find that the only choice is between these and another set in which the chord of sorrow is a little more lightly touched. We take the following verses from one of two pieces of the latter kind, respectively called *Crowned and Wedded* and *Crowned and Buried*—the one suggested by the accession and marriage of our youthful queen, and the other by the intombment of Napoleon:—

Napoleon! Nations, while they cursed that name,  
Shook at their curses; and while others bore  
Its sound, as of a trumpet on before,  
Brass-fronted legions justified its fame—  
And dying men, on trampled battle sods  
Near their last silence, uttered it for God's.

That name consumed the silence of the snows  
In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid,  
The mimic eagles dared what Nature's did,  
And over-rushed her mountainous repose  
In search of cryes: and the Egyptian river  
Mingled the same word with its grand—'For ever.'

O wild St Helen! very still she kept him,  
With a green willow for his pyramid,  
Which stirred a little if the low wind did,  
A little more if pilgrims overwrought him,  
Disparting the lithe boughs to see the clay  
Which seemed to cover his for judgment-day.

Nay, not so long!—France kept her old affection,  
As deeply as the sepulchre the corse,  
Until, dilated by such love's remorse,  
To a new angel of the resurrection  
She cried: 'Behold thou, England! I would have  
The dead whereof thou votest from that grave.'

A little urn—a little dust inside  
Which once outbalanced the large earth, albeit  
To-day a four years' child might carry it,  
Smooth browed and smiling let the burden down,  
Orestes to Electra—O fair town  
Of Paris, how the wild tears will run down,

And run back on the chariot-marks of Time,  
When all the people shall come forth to meet  
The passive victor, death still on the street  
He rode through 'mid the shouting and bell-chime  
And martial music under eagles which  
Dyed their rapacious beaks at Austerlitz.

I do not praise this man: the man was flawed  
For Adam—much more Christ!—his knee unbent,  
His hand unclean—his aspiration pent  
Within a sword-sweep—pshaw!—but since he had  
The genius to be loved, why let him have  
The justice to be honoured in his grave.

There is a freedom in these verses which many other pieces of higher poetical merit do not possess. One poem, *The Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, deserves special

notice, as the best illustration of Mrs Browning's sense of the artistic which her volumes afford. There is much less affectation in it than in most of the others, and strongly expressed emotions are sustained to a passionate climax with great success. We know of no poem by a living writer at all equal to it in this respect. Tennyson's *Locksley Hall* has a passionate energy finely conveyed, but it lacks the vehemence of *The Lady Geraldine's Courtship*—a vehemence so thoroughly consistent with the nature, design, and progress of the poem, as to give us a far higher idea of Mrs Browning's artistic capacity than even her more elaborate works convey. The story is that of a poet galled by the conventionalities which interpose themselves between him and the object of his love, a lady of noble birth and stately beauty—the old story, in fact, of the troubadour and the dame of high degree, with somewhat of a modern application. We commend it to the reader's notice, for no such extract as we could give would afford anything like a satisfactory idea of the poem. *The Lost Bower* is another of Mrs Browning's highest efforts, though totally different from the work we have just referred to. It is suggestive and well conceived, the fancy is exquisite in many parts of it, and although we cannot quote from it advantageously, the following lines will suffice to illustrate its imaginative character:—

Ah! could this same bower, I fancied,  
Be the work of Dryad strong,  
Who, surviving all that chanced  
In the world's old pagan wrong,  
Lay hid, feeding in the woodland on the last true poet's song.

So, young muser, I sate listening  
To my fancy's wildest word—  
On a sudden, through the glistering  
Leaves around, a little stirred,  
Came a sound, a sense of music which was rather felt  
Than heard.

Softly, finely, it enwound me,  
From the world it shut me in,  
Like a fountain falling round me,  
Which, with silver waters thin,  
Clips a little marble Naiad, sitting smilingly within.

We have said enough, perhaps, to give the reader a pretty distinct impression of Mrs Browning's genius. She has not yet done herself anything like justice. Early predilections still sway her, and she still lacks real self-interest in the subjects upon which she employs her genius. A later poem, *The Drama of Exile*, is an attempt, and, so far as its artistic consistency is concerned, not a very successful one, to apply the spirit and form of Greek tragedy to the subject of the Fall, or rather, the expulsion from Paradise. The dialogue, which is in many instances sustained and noble, alternates with a succession of choruses, marked at once by the best and the worst features of Mrs Browning's style. Such a subject, it may easily be conceived, demands the exercise of a strong imagination, and in many parts of this poem there are passages of undoubted power—of a severe and stern strength, in fact, approaching the highest character of dramatic expression; but, at the same time, we in some measure lose the effect of these, when, in the next page, we come upon vague declamations and paltry conceits which at once suggest a want of unity in the spirit as well as the construction of the poem. In spite of these faults, however, *The Drama of Exile* abounds with illustrations of what we conceive to be the highest style of poetry. In proof of this, we need only quote one or two passages at random. Here is a brief description of the effects of 'the Fall' on the animal creation:—

On a mountain-peak  
Half-sheathed in primal woods, and glittering

In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour  
A lion calmed—part raised upon his paws,  
And his calm massive face turned full on thine.

When the ended curse  
Left silence in the world—right suddenly  
He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,  
As if the new reality of death  
Were dashed against his eyes—and roared so fierce—  
Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat—  
Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear—  
And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills  
Such fast keen echoes crumbling down the vales  
Precipitately—that the forest beasts,  
One after one, did mutter a response  
In savage and in sorrowful complaint  
Which trailed along the gorges.

There is scarcely a line in the above passage which might not have been written by the greatest poet of any land or any time. The description evinces imaginative strength in its sternest and loftiest form, and a picturesqueness vivid and terrible. As an example of what is more thoughtful and pathetic in the poem, we take the following on the destiny of woman, almost the only lines suggestive of feminine authorship:—

If wo by thee  
Had issue to the world, thou shalt go forth  
An angel of the wo thou didst achieve.  
Thy love  
Shall chant its own beatitudes  
After its own life working. A child's kiss  
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad:  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich,  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense  
Of service which thou renderest.  
I bless thee in the name of Paradise,  
And by the memory of Edenic joys  
Forfeit and lost; by that last cypress-tree  
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we passed out;  
And by the blessed nightingale, which threw  
Its melancholy music after us.

And on thy longest patience there shall wait  
Death's speechless angel.

We have selected these passages as being least affected by disconnection with the context; there are others of equal strength and equal beauty, going far to redeem the faults of taste and the artistic shortcomings of the poem.

Mrs Browning's latest work is a poem of some length, with the rather curious title of *Casa Guidi Windows*. It professes to be a survey from the windows of the house occupied by the poetess at Florence during the eventful year of 1848; but though for the most part of a political character, its references are not confined to the occurrences which took place in the Tuscan capital. The survey extends over all Italy, and embraces the most interesting incidents of the revolutionary era in that land. All Mrs Browning's sympathies are with the cause of the people, and she pleads for freedom and denounces tyranny in poetry of an earnest and often highly impassioned tone. She does not fail, however, to record, frequently in the language of sorrow or of pity, the impression made upon her mind by the unstable and fitful attachments of those who to-day plant the trees of liberty, and rally round the people's flag, and to-morrow throw up their caps and shout a welcome to their returning rulers. Apart from the fine poetic fire which burns in many parts of the *Casa Guidi Windows*, the views which it gives us of Italian politics are clear and interesting. We do not usually look to poems for such things, least of all do we expect to find them in poetry written by a lady; but, as we have said, Mrs Browning's sympathies are not such as

are confined within the sphere of feminine likings and dislikings. She has a great deal of masculine energy, and her writings are often pervaded by a spirit of political zeal not common in those even of the other sex. The *Casa Guidi Windows* contains less of its author's mannerism than any of her other poems, and has often the fiery rapidity of the improvisatrice, with a beauty of expression which she has not surpassed in any previous effort. Here is a tribute to Carlo Alberto, the Sardinian soldier-king, which is full of force, and more than worthy of the warrior—

Who bursting that heroic heart of his  
At lost Novara, that he could not die,  
Though thrice into the cannon's eyes for this  
He plunged his shuddering steel, and felt the sky  
Reel back between the fire-shocks; stripped away  
The ancestral ermine ere the smoke had cleared,  
And naked to the soul, that none might say  
His kingship covered what was base and bleared  
With treason, he went out an exile, yea,  
An exiled patriot.

And taking off his crown, made visible  
A hero's forehead.

This is at least one evidence that the age we live in is not destitute of themes for the poet when the inspiration of genius comes to mould the modern event into the poetic thought. But we are tending towards politics and prolixity, and must leave the reader to judge of how far the extracts we have given make good the claim of Mrs Browning to be considered a poetess in the true sense of that term. It is doubtful if a word which is usually meant to convey the idea of poetic gifts allied with the characteristics of the female nature, applies very directly to Mrs Browning. In her case, the imagination is by no means so highly coloured by the feelings as to prevent the possibility of any reader supposing that her poetry, if published anonymously, had been written by one of the sterner sex. That she is gifted with the power of producing something far higher than she has yet given to the world is, we think, undeniable; and that what she has done is worthy of being remembered, is the opinion, we hope, to which we have now brought the reader.

#### THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

The great question is at length settled; and the result proves to be that which had long been foreseen by theory and experience. Navigators and geographers had generally agreed that there was a continuous sea-route between the Atlantic and the Pacific on the north; and British skill and enterprise, which first began the inquiry some four centuries ago, have now demonstrated the fact. As most readers will remember, it was in pursuance of this inquiry that Sir John Franklin sailed with the *Erebus* and *Terror* under his command in 1845; and the expeditions which have since been sent in search of the long-lost veteran and his gallant companions, had the north-west passage still before them as a secondary object. The first of these relief expeditions was undertaken by Sir James Ross in 1848. It failed; and in 1850, Austin, Ommaney, and Penny, with ships and steamers, were sent to renew the search. They found traces of Sir John in Beechey Island, at the entrance to Wellington Channel, and the latter was explored far towards the north by Captain Penny. The results, however, were in some respects highly unsatisfactory: the government offered rewards of £10,000 and £20,000 for the discovery or relief of the missing party; and in 1852, Sir Edward Belcher was appointed to make a new attempt with the same vessels, in the same quarter, and from the energy of his character, there was little doubt of his success. As he was to remain out two winters, Captain Inglefield was sent, in

the spring of the present year, with the *Phanix* steamer, and *Breadalbane* transport, to carry dispatches and get news of his proceedings. This officer reached Beechey Island, and finding the sea greatly encumbered with ice, he set out with boats and sledges to skirt the shore of Wellington Channel, and convey his dispatches into Sir Edward Belcher's hands at all risks. It was in this hazardous service that Lieutenant Bellot, of the French navy, who had joined the *Phanix* as a volunteer, lost his life by falling through a crevice in a floe on which he and two sailors had been drifted away by a gale. The two men were ultimately borne back to the firm ice, and escaped the peril which proved fatal to the young lieutenant. On the 21st August, the *Breadalbane* was crushed between floating masses of ice, and went to the bottom; her crew took refuge on board the *Phanix*; and Captain Inglefield, accompanied by Lieutenant Crosswell, of whom more anon, then shaping his course for home, arrived in England about the beginning of October. It is by his return that we have news of the discovery of the north-west passage, and we have now to see by what means this interesting geographical problem has been solved.

In addition to the Austin expedition in 1850, two ships—the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*—were despatched in January of that year to enter the polar sea by way of Behring's Strait, from whence, steering north-easterly through the ice, if possible, they were to keep a bright look-out for Sir John Franklin, and come home by way of Baffin's Bay. Cook was sent to try the same route in 1776, but the ice stopped him at Icy Cape; and from subsequent abortive attempts, it seemed vain to anticipate success in that quarter: feelings, however, deeply interesting to humanity, and to us as a nation, were at work to prompt the endeavour. Captain Collinson in the *Enterprise*, and McClure in the *Investigator*, passed Behring's Strait in August 1850: the latter had declared at starting that he would find either Sir John or the north-west passage, and shewed himself in earnest by standing at once into the ice, and bearing away to the north-east. Collinson pushed for the north, and got up to a high latitude, where the difficulties of the navigation drove him back, and he went to winter at Hong-Kong. From that date until within the past few weeks, a curtain had dropped over the *Investigator*—for three years the fate of the daring band of adventurers remained a mystery; but now we have the narrative of their voyage, and we here give a brief summary of its more important results.

Working his way along the edge of the ice, Captain McClure reports having seen walrus in prodigious numbers lying thickly huddled together on the floating masses. On 5th August at midnight, Point Barrow was passed, and the ice appearing loose, an easterly course was steered direct from that promontory to the land which Parry first saw thirty years ago when trying to get to the westward of Melville Island, and which he named Banks' Land. But the pack-ice was found to be impenetrable, and the vessel had to be kept in the open water, from three to five miles in width, formed by the short summer of the polar regions along the northern coast of the American continent. Parties were landed in suitable places to erect a cairn, and deposit an account of the visit, or to communicate with the Esquimaux. There was an interpreter on board, Mr Miertsching, a Moravian brother of the Labrador mission, whose knowledge of the language was of much service in these interviews. In one place the natives, who had never seen a ship, called her the 'fast moving island,' so little did 'oomiak,' their name for the largest canoes, appear to them suitable for a vessel of such extraordinary dimensions; they thought the masts were 'moving trees;' and another party called the sails 'great handkerchiefs.' Natives were numerous all along the coast—on the whole, a contented and good-humoured race, possessing some knowledge



of buying and selling, for they all trade with the Russian Fur Company. On the 10th, while crossing Harrison's Bay, into which the Colville falls, the water was found to be muddy at fourteen miles from the shore, owing to the discharge from that great river. Much difficulty was experienced in passing the capes, as the ice there lay almost close to the land, and navigation among lumps and floes from 12 to 20 feet thick becomes extremely perilous. Fogs, too, are frequent; not more than six observations could be taken in three weeks, leaving no alternative but to feel the way with the sounding-line. At times the ship stuck fast on a mud-bank; and while lightening her on one of these occasions, eleven casks of salt meat were lost from the boat into which they had been hoisted. They were, however, brave hearts on board the *Investigator*, and by taking advantage of every favourable opening, watching the winds and currents, now making fast to a floe, now warping through a 'lane,' they arrived off the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 21st. Here the water was seen to be of the colour of the Thames at Woolwich, at forty miles from the shore; and from here another attempt, as unsuccessful as the first, was made to steer direct for Banks' Land. On the 24th, a party landed at Point Warren: the natives had all fled except the chief and his son, and two others; from the former, they heard that some white men had once landed on the Point, and built a house, and after staying some time had gone away inland, except one, who was murdered by the natives. The chief pointed to a hill where the unfortunate stranger had been buried; but when questioned as to the time of the occurrence, he could give no more definite answer than 'it might be last year, or when I was a child.' The idea that here was a clue to Franklin's party made Captain McClure anxious to search the grave; but he was prevented by fickle weather from doing more than examine the so-called house, which proved to be two wretched huts, so old and decayed as to leave no reason to believe they had been recently built by Europeans. This may be regarded as satisfactory negative evidence. 'The general appearance of the country,' writes Captain McClure, 'about the Point, was low and marshy, covered with grass, moss, and flowers, the breeding-place of the eider-duck, and every species of wild-fowl. So fertile a landscape I could not anticipate upon the shores of the polar sea.' Here is another proof of the power of an arctic summer, brief though it is: Parry had observed the same thing at Melville Island, where in June the pools were already full of fowl, and the surface of the country had become a 'luxuriant pasture-ground,' rich in flowers and grass, and with 'almost the same lively appearance as that of an English meadow.'

On the 31st August, the ship was off Cape Bathurst, where was a large encampment of Esquimaux—more than 300. Parties were sent out to hunt and fish, and one of them visited the bay where Sir John Richardson had halted for a night in his exploration of the previous year. The natives at first were inclined to be hostile; and even when persuaded of the friendly intentions of their visitors, they would not put away their knives until the muskets had been laid aside. A packet of dispatches was intrusted to the chief, who engaged to forward it to the Hudson's Bay Company's posts on the Mackenzie. To secure his fidelity, a musket and ammunition were given to him on the spot, and he was promised a present of equal value on delivery of his charge—but the packet has never yet come to hand. The interpreter's manners and fluency of speech so won upon these rude people, that they begged him to remain among them; and as an inducement, the chief offered to give him his daughter, a lass of fifteen, and a tent with all the appurtenances for arctic house-keeping. It need hardly be said that the offer was not accepted, although the tribe was both cleanly and good-

looking, a rare exception to Esquimaux in general. Many of them went off to the ship, and had a complete day of merry-making, and the leave-taking took place with mutual good-will.

As the nights began to grow dark, rockets and blue-lights were sent up from the ship to attract the attention of any parties of explorers who might be making their way to the mainland. On the 5th September, smoke was observed on shore a few miles eastward of the Horton River, and the ice-mate reported having clearly seen white tents and individuals dressed in white shirts close to the spot, from the crow's-nest. A party was sent to examine, and they found the smoke to arise from about a score of small sulphureous mounds near the water's edge, and behind them a crumbling cliff. It was these volcanic mounds which had been taken for tents, and white spots on the cliff for shirts. On the 6th, when off Cape Parry, high land was seen at about fifty miles' distance in a north-easterly direction, and the ship's head was turned towards it, with the intention of coasting its western shore. Here, however, the pack lay heavily on the land; but to the south and east the water was open, and the next morning the vessel was hove to near Lord Nelson's Head, a rocky promontory 1000 feet in height, while a party landed and took possession of the country under the name of Baring's Island. Here, also, vegetation gave a charm to the landscape. 'We had a fine view towards the interior,' observes Captain McClure, 'which was well clothed with moss, giving a verdant appearance to the ranges of hills that rose gradually to between 2000 and 3000 feet, intersected with ravines, which must convey a copious supply of water to a large lake situated in the centre of a wide plain, about fifteen miles distant.' The sea was clear of ice to the eastwards; and sailing onwards, mountainous land was seen in that direction stretching far to the northwards. The name Prince Albert's Land was given to it; but it is that which Rae, and some of Captain Austin's explorers had visited, and was already known as Wollaston Land. The *Investigator* was now in the broad channel between the two—Baring and Wollaston; and the sea being still clear, great hopes were entertained of getting into Barrow's Strait, and a steady course was kept to the north-east. On the 10th, two rocky islets were passed, and named after the Princess-Royal. The weather became so fair, that the studding-sails were set, but only for a few hours. The ice reappeared, the temperature lowered, snow fell, the ship was made fast to a floe, in which position she drifted with the ice, encountering many risks, until the 8th October, when she became firmly frozen into the pack; and the usual preparations were made for passing the winter.

These matters accomplished, Prince Albert's Land was taken possession of in due form; and on the 21st, Captain McClure started with a sledge-party to travel over the ice, to ascertain whether the channel in which the ship was frozen up communicated with Barrow's Strait. The question was satisfactorily proved by their arrival on the southern shore of that strait, nearly on the spot where Sir Edward Parry had laid down the loom of the land on the charts. The fact of a north-west passage was thus demonstrated; and had it not been for the sudden setting in of winter, the *Investigator* might have accomplished her task, and returned to England in about three months from the time of entering Behring's Strait.

The party travelled 180 miles in ten days, going and returning, with the temperature at times below zero. Captain McClure relates: 'I nearly made a bad termination of this otherwise interesting trip. The last day, I left the sledge for the purpose of getting on board some time before the party, that a few comforts might be prepared on their arrival; we had about fifteen miles to go. Shortly after quitting them, there came

on a thick mist, but as long as it continued daylight, and I could see my compass, I got on pretty well; but at five o'clock darkness set in, and I very soon lost my way; got entangled among heavy ice, rough and uneven as a stone-mason's yard, having much snow, through which I was tumbling and floundering at the risk of breaking my legs, arms, or neck; so, of necessity, I was obliged to stop, and being much exhausted, having had nothing since a scanty seven o'clock breakfast, I made myself a comfortable snow-bed under the lee of a large piece of ice, burying my legs up to the knees to keep my toes from being frostbitten. I soon fell into a doze, but about midnight was aroused by a bright meteor flashing across the heavens; so got up, and found a fine starlight night, with a brilliant aurora, and starting in the direction of the ship, was in hopes of getting on board. However, having expended all my ammunition, I could not attract the attention of those in the vessel; and so, to make a long story short, I wandered about until daylight, when I had the extreme satisfaction of finding I had passed her about four miles. In retracing my steps, I came upon several fresh footprints of bears, but arrived safe at half-past eight, none the worse, although the thermometer was 15 degrees below zero, and I had been twenty-five hours without anything to eat.

Exploring-parties were sent out to the east and west, but without discovering the slightest trace of Franklin. The ice did not break up till July 1851, and then, as the pack did not open sufficiently for the ship to get through to Barrow's Strait, Captain M'Clure determined to return by the way he had come, to circumnavigate Baring's Island, and endeavour to gain his object by working the ship between its northern shore and Melville Island. Great and manifold were the perils encountered in resorting to this expedient, destruction appeared at times inevitable, but all hands did their duty: the ship was brought round to the northern shore, where, on 24th September, she was again frozen in, in what Captain M'Clure named the 'Bay of Mercy.' Another dreary winter followed; but the frost-bound seamen managed to keep up a good heart. In the spring of 1852, the captain went with a party across to Melville Island, hoping to find stores placed there for their relief; but all they saw was a record of Lieutenant M'Clintock's visit of the previous year, carved on a block of limestone, to which they added their own. This was a disheartening result; the crew had been for some time on short allowance of provisions, and the summer proved to be only 'a mollified continuation of winter;' so much so, that the ice did not break up, thereby preventing all prosecution of the voyage. Had it not been that numbers of deer, hares, wild-fowl, and a few musk-oxen were shot, there would have been risk of starvation. Under these circumstances, a plan was formed for sending half of the crew home in the ensuing spring (1853); one portion by way of the Mackenzie River, the other by the whaling-vessels in Lancaster Sound. The winter of 1852-3 was terrible: the average temperature of January of this year was 44 degrees below zero, and on one occasion it went down to 65 degrees. Disease made its appearance, and in March, nineteen of the men were on the sick-list; but spring opened with genial warmth, and somewhat restored their failing health. It was arranged that the parties to return home should start on 15th April, while Captain M'Clure remained with the sound half of the crew, to navigate the ship to England, on the breaking up of the ice; but on the 6th a glad surprise awaited the long-imprisoned mariners: a stranger, who, from being clad similarly to themselves, had come near without attracting attention, announced himself as Lieutenant Pim of the *Resolute*, at the head of a relief-party despatched by Captain Kellett, in consequence of the notice of M'Clure's visit to Melville Island having been seen on the block of sandstone. 'I cannot even

faintly convey to you,' writes the captain to his sister, 'the sensation experienced by my crew—from despondency they were at once raised to the very height of exultation and delight. We now, God be praised, consider ourselves saved.'

This unexpected arrival caused a change of plan. Captain M'Clure went across to visit Captain Kellett at Melville Island, while Lieutenant Cresswell conducted the sickly portion of the crew, comprising twenty-seven individuals, to the *North Star* at Beechey Island, a journey of 300 miles, which was happily accomplished in four weeks, over the ice. On Captain M'Clure's return to his ship after a week's absence, he found that three men had died of scurvy—a melancholy result of privation and fatigue, yet but small when contrasted with all that was undergone. The invalids will probably arrive in England by the *Intrepid* steamer before the winter sets in, and the vessel will be sent back with provisions next spring. In 1854, Captain M'Clure hopes to bring home the *Investigator*, and so make the north-west passage complete by sailing his ship the entire distance. Belcher and Kellett continue their search; and as M'Clintock's exploration will extend far to the north-west of Wellington Channel, we shall by and by hear whether any traces of Sir John Franklin's party have been met with in that direction. If not, it seems more than probable that the story of their fate will remain a mystery.

There remains but to add, that after wintering at Hong-Kong, as already related, Captain Collinson repassed Behring's Strait, and entered the ice again in 1851, since which time nothing has been heard of him. Should he have worked his way up to a high northerly latitude, it is not impossible that he may be fallen in with by some of the searchers at the head of Wellington Channel.

### Column for Young People.

#### GRANDMAMMA'S PUPIL.

'WHAT! still another story?' said a kind-looking old lady.

'Just one more, grandmamma,' cried a chorus of young voices in reply.

'Well, I must try,' said she; 'but if I do not economise my stories, the stock, at this rate, will be soon exhausted; and so, instead of a story, I shall now tell you something true about a man you must have yourselves seen.' After considering a moment, grandmamma began as follows:—

A good many years ago, when I was a little girl, my home was in a farmhouse, not like this we live in now, but a great thatched house, with a porch before the door covered with roses. My father was a rich man, but instead of keeping a carriage, we children had a couple of ponies, and my mother used to ride to the market-town upon a pillion. We used all to sit in the same great kitchen, the servants too—but they sat at a distance from the family, forming a separate group—and each female had a spinning-wheel before her. I could tell you a great deal about the ways of a household when I was a child, but I will only mention one thing more: twice a week a long table was spread with broken victuals, soup, &c., and all the poor people who liked came and made a hearty meal; and nothing gave my dear mother more pleasure than to collect and feed a group of hungry children with our surplus provisions. Amongst those who availed themselves of her charity, was a boy named Samuel Thorpe. In short, he was never absent when anything in the way of food was to be distributed; and my young brothers were perpetually running off with hunches of bread and cheese, to feed

ragged Sam, who was as constantly to be found lurking in the yard to receive the bounty of his young benefactors. Sam was the son of a tailor in the neighbourhood; who, being very drunken and idle, allowed his children to starve whilst he spent his days and nights at the alehouse, caring nothing for their hunger so long as his thirst for beer was satisfied. At last, Sam mustered courage to ask my father if he wanted a boy to do little matters about the farm; but he looked so puny and miserable, that there seemed very little chance of his earning even his food. However, my father pitied the half-starved urchin, and took him into the house to run errands; my brothers obtained permission to bestow some of their cast-off clothes upon him; and I undertook to teach him to read and write. My father always made it a rule, that all his family, servants included, should attend church twice every Sunday; but of course Sam was not fit to be seen in his miserable rags; so the clothes which were intended for him were packed up, immediately after his admission at our house, and sent to his father to be altered, with strict injunctions to have them done by Saturday night. But when Sunday morning came, Sam was obliged to stay at home, having nothing but his ragged garments; and greatly to the annoyance of my father, we set off without him. Just as we passed the alehouse door on our way to church, we saw the tailor lounging about, and my father could not help asking him why Sam's habiliments had not made their appearance. You would hardly think it possible that sordid habits, bad as they are, could make a parent so very selfish and regardless of the comfort of his offspring as this man's reply proved him to be. I forget his exact words, but the substance of them was, that he had not done the boy's clothes, because he could not expect payment for his work. I shall never forget the feeling of disgust which we all experienced; and my father sternly bade him send the clothes unmade, which he did on the following morning; and another tailor was employed, who soon greatly altered Sam's appearance for the better. The lad, though thin and delicate, was willing to learn, and he soon became very useful. With respect to his progress in reading, &c., I was justly proud of my pupil, and he amply repaid me for my trouble by his rapid advancement in knowledge.

Things went on thus pleasantly for some years; and when Sam was about eighteen, he, by my father's recommendation, took a situation as wagoner on the farm of a gentleman in the neighbourhood. Sam's new master had, however, a great fault: he was stingy, and so anxious to save that he did not allow his cattle plenty of food; and Sam having offended him by feeding his horses too well, he forbade his going into the granary, but measured out a certain quantity of oats with his own hand. This was a terrible grievance to our hero, for he loved the animals under his charge; and having been once often in want of food himself, he could not bear to see them stinted; so, in spite of the prohibition, he used to go up into the granary and fetch more corn for them. His master discovered this, and he was so angry, that he summoned Sam to answer a charge of theft before the magistrates. On the morning that Sam was to appear before the justices, his master, who was on his way thither to accuse him, was greatly surprised to observe him mounted on the fattest horse, and leading all the others by halters, proceeding at a brisk pace in the same direction. He waited till the procession overtook him, and then accosting Sam said:

'Where are you going, sirrah?' Sam touched his hat respectfully, and replied:

'To the justice-room, sir.'

'But what are you going to do with the horses?'

'Take them with me, sir, as witnesses.'

'Witnesses!' replied his master in an angry tone: 'what do you mean by that?'

'Well, sir,' said Sam, 'perhaps I should say as fellow-criminals, for the receiver is always said to be as bad as the thief; and, any way, if I stole the corn, they ate it, and'—stroking their plump sides—'go they shall.' This reply was irresistible. Sam's master bade him take them back, and he should hear no more of the matter; and whilst he went alone, glad to withdraw the accusation, Sam returned with his four-footed friends in great triumph to the stable. This incident was productive of good, for it made the farmer ashamed of his stinginess; and Sam remained with him till he was twenty years of age, without any further misunderstanding.

In this situation Sam managed to save a little money, which, by my father's advice, he placed in the bank; and he next engaged himself to a miller, where his wages were very considerably increased; and as he now lived near a large town, he had an opportunity of improving the education he received from me in the first instance; and by industry and perseverance became a really well-informed young man. You may judge that we were all much delighted at the success of our protégé; and many an hour Sam spent in our kitchen long after he ceased to be an inmate of our own house; and he really improved so much in his manners and personal appearance, that my brother Tom demurely suggested that we could no longer with propriety call him Sam, but that he ought henceforth to be known as Mr Thorpe. This made us laugh heartily at the time; but Tom persisted that not many years would pass before Sam would be dignified thus by everybody, and he even offered to lay a wager on the subject. I accepted the offer, but it was an unfortunate wager for me, and cost me the knitting of half-a-dozen pair of stockings, for Tom was a sagacious fellow, and had noticed the miller's only daughter and Sam in close converse on various moonlight evenings; and, as he said, when two young people, one of whom is a pretty girl, and the other a good-looking and worthy young man, are observed to evince a partiality for moonlight walks, always happen to go in the same direction, move slowly along, side by side, and speak in whispers, the whole affair presents a most suspicious appearance. Tom's prophecy proved correct; and I soon after officiated as bridesmaid at the wedding of my old pupil. I lost my wager on the very same day; for the wedding-guests, one and all, seeing Sam as the owner in perspective of the mill and its appurtenances, addressed him as Mr Thorpe; and I, not liking to be an exception to the general rule, was fain to follow their example.

Sam's father was dead before this event took place, and his brothers and sisters grown up and scattered abroad in different directions; but his mother was supported during her declining years by her worthy son, who endeavoured, by surrounding her with plenty, to efface the remembrance of the miserable life she had led with her worthless partner. Many persons, when they have risen from a state of beggary, are desirous of forgetting the past, but this was not the case with Samuel Thorpe. He never for a moment forgot his former destitution, and many a poor widow and fatherless child has had reason to be thankful for his prosperity. A pleasing instance of his gratitude towards my father, proved that he was well worthy of his good fortune. Some years after the death of his father-in-law, when he had become really a wealthy man, a scanty harvest threatened agriculturists with ruin. Amongst the rest, my father suffered very severely, and it was even whispered that he would be unable to stand under the shock. The rumour reached the ears of Samuel, and he immediately came, bringing with him the whole of his ready money, to offer it for the use of his former benefactor. Lest this should not be sufficient, he produced the title-deeds of his little estate, and volunteered to mortgage it to supply the deficiency, if any existed. We were all affected, even to tears, at this instance of



genuine gratitude; and though the aid was happily unnecessary, I believe Samuel would have been better pleased to devote his money to my father's service than he was to retain it in his own possession.

'Is he still living?' inquired one of grandmamma's young auditors.

'He is not, my dear,' she replied. 'I am sorry to say that he died last year, very sincerely regretted by all the remaining members of our family. We little thought that the miserable half-starved lad who was taken out of charity into our house, would ever rise to the station he attained; but we sincerely rejoiced that in this case our endeavours to save a fellow-creature from the pernicious effects of his good-for-nothing father's bad example, were crowned with success.—And now, my dear children,' added grandmamma, 'I must leave you to amuse yourselves as best you can; and you must wait for another rainy Saturday, until which we will bid farewell to story-telling, or I shall have nothing left to entertain you with during the long winter evenings which are fast approaching.'

### AN EASTER FESTIVAL IN ATHENS.

On this the 13th of April, being the third day of Easter, there is a grand Greek festival, of which I had heard so much from all quarters, that my expectation was quite on the stretch. Now that the spectacle is over, I must admit my feeling was a very mixed one. I witnessed much that was novel, but was never carried away by any lively interest. There was nothing here of that magic charm, so irresistible in the Italian festivals. At first sight, the scene seemed like fairyland. The festival is held on the beautiful green plain close to the temple of Theseus. All Athens and its neighbourhood were there, at least 10,000 in number, reclining in picturesque groups on the slopes of the Hill of the Nymphs—an elevation near Mars Hill, opposite the Acropolis. All were in grand costume. The red Fez (Greek cap), with its long silver tassel; the red jacket shining with gold and silver; the magnificent silk scarf; and the dazzling white shirt and *fustanilla* (a kind of kilt), all shone in fine and dazzling contrasts. Among these groups rose lovely citron and orange trees, and here and there the fitful gleams of a fire, at which was roasting the lamb indispensable at every Easter festival.\* The cold and barren fancy of a northern, who has never witnessed life in the south, can form no conception of the varied magnificence of such a scene. Close to this picturesque throng, partly, indeed, in the midst of it, stands, silent and serene, the old sun-burnt temple, whose Doric pillars and cornices shine golden in the transparent ether;† and under whose wide pillared porticos different groups were sauntering and reposing, as if the days of ancient glory were come again, and the worship of the hero about to resound in his long-forsaken temple. The pillars of the Acropolis tower in the distance. One feels as in a dream. Past and present seem to flow into each other. I knew not whether to regard the dazzling throng as a festoon or framework to the temple, or the temple as a fine background to the joyous mass.

I was never weary of contemplating the bold, sharp, expressive countenances, and the fine plastic forms and graceful movements of these Greeks: their gait is so grave and dignified, and yet so light and elastic, so straight and noble, and yet so unconstrained and

natural, they seem impressed with a feeling of the dignity and beauty of the human form, which I could have regarded as an echo of this sense in the ancients, were it not that the same bearing distinguishes the Albanian. It would almost seem as if the Germanic race had been in this respect neglected by nature. At every fair, the most wretched Slovak tinker arranges his round hat and his tattered mantle with a picturesque neatness that puts to shame the rich and polite merchant.

But in spite of all the pomp of form and colour, I at length could not resist the feeling of tedium, which I believe was sympathetic, for there was no true hilarity among the people; plenty of noise, shouting, and movement, but no animating centre: just as in our German festivals—every inclination for merriment, but none knowing how to begin. They have got into the open air, and are eating and drinking; but that is all—no one knows why he is there.

Here and there, a few couples were dancing the singular Greek dance, unlike those of Italy or the north; nor do I remember anything similar in our ballets, though they are always straining after novelty. Seven or eight men danced together; for women do not seem to dance in public, and never with men, except in high court circles. The dancers hold out their hands to each other, sometimes making use of handkerchiefs between, to widen the circle they form, but never closing, so that they may leave sufficient space for the leader of the dance, who performs the steps and leaps; these are apparently quite simple, but in reality bold, and not to be imitated by strange feet, and in which the other dancers follow him step for step and leap for leap. The music, which is either the rhythmical nasal *ritornella*, everywhere prevalent in Greece, or the as monotonous bagpipe, or a shrill pipe with trumpet obligato, begins very slowly, and the dance is at first a simple pacing movement. By degrees, the music becomes less monotonous and the measured strides pass into bold and artistic bounds, but never getting the length of actual liveliness. I have seen drunken men performing it, but invariably with the same imperturbable gravity.

This is the favourite, if not the only Greek dance. It is called the *romaika*, and is currently believed to have come down from remote antiquity, which I am inclined to believe, for some of the postures reminded me of the dances on the ancient sculptures, and the rhythmical movements, regulated by the accompaniment of song and pipe, have something about them truly ancient. But the modern Greeks have preserved the gravity without the fire of their great ancestors. A dignity through which no flame glows is dry and cold, and becomes at length wearisome. This dance, like our modern ones, is a pleasure only to the dancer, not to the spectator.

On such days, one feels quite painfully how much more heartily the fine sensuous enjoyment of the ancients continues to exist in Italy. Greece has become old; the misery and oppression of more than 2000 years have palsied its wings. In so far, Fallmerayer\* is in the right—that the foreign races who have settled there have brought about an entire revolution in the original genius of the people. I could not help thinking of the pleasures of the Italian carnival, and the truly bacchanalian October festival—the clanging of the tambourines, the sexes dancing together, or maidens with each other; the charming *salterello*, that most beautiful of dances, with its fine graceful undulating lines—the dancers first retreating, then seeking each other, then at length meeting, but without

\* The Greek is the only Christian church that still celebrates the Jewish feast of the Paschal lamb. Upwards of 300,000 lambs are slaughtered and eaten in Greece at the festival of Easter.

† The author here alludes to the beautiful yellow colour, like to ripe corn, as if mellow with age, which distinguishes the ancient temple of Theseus from all the other Greek temples.

\* Fallmerayer, a German professor of great learning, originality, and vigour, wrote several historical works to prove the paradox, that there are no Greeks in Greece—that is to say, that the original Greek population has been driven out or exterminated by the foreign tribes, principally the Slavonians and Albanians, who at different periods settled in the country.

joining hands, again escaping and again meeting, till another couple steps in, and begins anew, with ever-fresh enjoyment, the same graceful movements. All so joyous and lively! spectator and performer in almost equal enjoyment. There is something quite magical in an Italian festival: an air of refinement, a sense of true beauty and just moderation, natural even to the lowest ranks, which draws every one irresistibly within the charmed circle. The feeling in Greece, on the contrary, is that all is strange and unusual, and without fresh enjoyment. In Italy, the charm lies in the perfect mingling of the ancient times with those of the middle ages and the modern; in Greece, it is only the remains of ancient architecture that interest us; of the middle ages, there is nothing either in art or science; and of the present, only the contemplation of a ruin, without, as I feel daily more and more, any hope of its restoration. In Italy, we are in Europe; in Greece, on the contrary, we are in the East: the people themselves reckon it so. They call the Europeans, Franks, and say, 'abroad in Europe,' much in the same way as the Austrians speak of Germany. Of the highly cultivated and amiable Italians, the thoughtful and refined Winckelmann repeatedly exclaimed with emotion: 'Italy is the land of humanity;' but in Greece, with the exception of the few who have had the benefit of foreign culture, the nation is still rude and barbarous.\*

#### NATURAL TRAP FOR INSECTS.

Whoever may have occasion to wander out among the numerous sphagnum swamps that diversify the sandy plains in the neighbourhood of our city, almost at any time during the month of June, will not fail to have his attention directed to some singularly beautiful clusters of reddish purple flowers, each one nodding on a solitary footstalk, that ascends from a whorl of far more singularly constituted leaves. These flowers are large in size, with the petals greatly incurved, while the pale yellow stigma which occupies the centre, expands in such a manner as effectually to conceal the more important organs of fructification from the sight. The leaves, when mature, are of a fine green colour, more or less stained with purple, and beautifully veined with a tint of a much deeper hue. In form and general appearance, they have a striking resemblance to some of the antique lamps so often met with in the collections of the curious. The cavity or reservoir, as it has aptly been termed, which occupies the centre of the leaf, is at all times partially filled with water, originating from the dews or rains, into which numerous species of coleoptera and other insects are not unfrequently found drowned, which have met their death in pursuit of a saccharine concretion that copiously exudes from their internal surfaces. By this beautiful provision of nature, these plants are not only abundantly supplied with moisture when the excessive heats of summer are likely to prevail for any length of time, and create unusual drought, but they are likewise thus furnished with the usual amount of animal food which they may necessarily require for their sustenance. The manner in which these insects are imprisoned is curious. Immediately below the throat of these cavities, for the space of nearly an inch, the surface is highly polished, while the lower part of the tube is covered with rigid hairs, all pointing downward. When an insect, in the first instance, is attracted by the secretion of the plant, or perhaps even by the water, descends, as it can easily do along the declining pubescens, it appears incapable of again ascending by its feet alone, and can escape only by a flight so perpendicular, as to surpass the power of most insects. Whenever they touch the bristly sides of the tube, they are precipitated again to the bottom, and have to renew

their efforts; and many of them, even of the largest size, perish in this arduous and hopeless struggle.—*Country Gentleman (Albany paper).*

#### A CHEAP FILTER.

As efficient a filter as can possibly be constructed may be made in a few minutes by any person, and at the cost of a very few pence. Procure a clean flower-pot of the common kind, close the opening of the bottom by a piece of sponge, then place in the inside a layer of small stones, previously well cleansed by washing: this layer may be about two inches deep, the upper stones being very small. Next procure some freshly burnt charcoal, which has not been kept in a damp or foul place, as it rapidly absorbs any strong smells, and so becomes tainted and unfit for such purpose: reduce this to powder, and mix it with about twice its bulk of clear, well-washed sharp sand. With this mixture fill the pot to within a short distance of the top, covering it with a layer of small stones; or, what is perhaps better, place a piece of thick close flannel over it, large enough to the round the rim of the pot outside, and to form a hollow inside, into which the water to be filtered is to be poured, and which will be found to flow out rapidly through the sponge in an exceedingly pure state. The flannel removes the grosser impurities floating in the water, but the filter absorbs much of decaying animal and vegetable bodies actually dissolved in it. When it becomes charged with them, it loses this power; hence the necessity for a supply of fresh charcoal at intervals.—*Monthly Observer.*

#### THE FALLACY AS TO LAVISH EXPENDITURE.

We so often meet with individuals of good education and attainments who are unacquainted with the true philosophy respecting lavish expenditure, that it seems not superfluous to present a view of the subject from J. S. Mill's admirable work on Logic:—'The economical workings of society afford innumerable cases in which the effects of a cause consist of two sets of phenomena—the one immediate, concentrated, obvious to vulgar eyes, and passing, in common apprehension, for the whole effect; the other widely diffused, or lying deeper under the surface, and which is exactly contrary to the former. Take, for instance, the vulgar notion, so plausible at the first glance, of the encouragement given to industry by lavish expenditure. A, who spends his whole income, and even his capital, in expensive living, is supposed to give great employment to labour. B, who lives upon a small portion, and invests the remainder in the funds, is thought to give little or no employment. For everybody sees the gains which are made by A's tradesmen, servants, and others, while his money is spending. B's saving, on the contrary, passes into the hands of the person whose stock he purchased, who with it pays a debt he owed to some banker, who lends it again to some merchant or manufacturer; and the capital, being laid out in hiring spinners and weavers, or carriers and the crews of merchant-vessels, not only gives immediate employment to as much industry at once as A employs during the whole of his career, but coming back with increase by the sale of the goods which have been manufactured or imported, forms a fund for the employment of the same, and perhaps a greater quantity of labour in perpetuity. But the careless observer does not see, and therefore does not consider, what becomes of B's money: he does see what is done with A's; he observes the amount of industry which A's profusion feeds; he observes not the far greater quantity which it prevents from being fed; and thence the prejudice, universal to the time of Adam Smith, and even yet only exploded among persons more than commonly instructed, that prodigality encourages industry, and parsimony is a discouragement to it.'

\* The author's views with respect to the future prospects of Greece seem to be rather gloomy; but the remarkable intellectual progress made by this people since the time of their great scholar Corais, and their brilliant achievements, amid many faults, in the Liberation War, would indicate that, if they receive fair play in the political world, they are destined for a future perhaps as bright as their mediæval history is dark.

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